

# TAKES POISON TO ESCAPE SOLDIERS

Mrs. Caroline Hasre Swallows Deadly Drug and Is Eager to Die.

## WRITES FAREWELL NOTE

UNCLE SAM'S BOYS SHOW PREDICTION FOR HER SOCIETY.

Death seemed sweeter to Mrs. Caroline Hasre, who lives at 755 Roosevelt avenue, than a life in which soldiers of the United States seem to be the pursuing Nemesis that has tortured her days and made her an old woman in appearance at an age when she should still be enjoying the bloom of youthfulness.

Mrs. Hasre, who was assaulted and threatened with death by W. Lucas, a soldier, Saturday night, swallowed poison at her home yesterday afternoon and only the timely arrival of a neighbor to pay a call prevented death resulting. The woman was found in convulsions and a note held in her hand stated that it was her intention to end a life of sorrow and persecution. Taken to the Emergency hospital at the city jail, Mrs. Hasre was revived after about an hour's attention. The woman refused to tell the nature of the poison she had taken.

Mrs. Hasre has become generally known through the violent attentions of W. Lucas. On more than one occasion he has been taken to the city jail for threatening the woman's life, and on one occasion a shot was fired at her while the woman was attempting to take a gun from Lucas. Saturday night Lucas met Mrs. Hasre near the postoffice and, it is alleged, attempted to stab her. He was locked up on the charge of assault with a deadly weapon.

The woman is the divorced wife of E. Hasre, a soldier. Friends say that the woman led a life of misery with her soldier husband and after a few years of drudgery to support herself she secured a divorce on the ground of non-support. Mrs. Hasre was at one time engaged to marry Lucas. Discovering that he was a man of dissipated habits, the woman is said to have rejected him. Since that time, it is stated by her friends, she has been persecuted and annoyed by Lucas. She was in hysterical convulsions when taken from her home yesterday and tried desperately to escape from the patrol. The surgeon stated last night that she would recover from the effects of the poison.

## PRAYER KILLS LAZY BUG

Prayer is the latest cure for the lachrymose, better known as the "hook worm disease," that malady which keeps the vagrancy books open in police court, the vampire of laziness, to which many a religious has attributed the power of creating "hobos" and shiftlessness. Prayer, as a remedy for the "lazy bug," was demonstrated at the regular Sunday afternoon meeting conducted by women of the Methodist Episcopal church at the city jail yesterday.

For three consecutive Sundays Rudolph Morton, serving a thirty-day sentence for vagrancy, has listened to the prayer and songs of the good women who give of their time on Sunday afternoon in the hope of bettering the spiritual condition of the prisoners. The "hook worm" has had a strong grip on Morton. So reluctantly have his tentacles hooked into his ambition that he admits having spent an average of three months of the year serving sentences for vagrancy. Now, by the help of prayer, he is going to fight the disease.

Morton has come to believe in the efficacy of prayer and the power of strong religious hymns to arouse ambition. He further believes that the "lazy bug" will not stand proof against having spent the best of his life in prison. The new resolve to lead a better life when he is released from jail this week.

Morton doesn't attribute his vagrancy to the "lazy bug," but science has declared that the lachrymose is responsible, and science knows.

"I'll never be pinched for vagrancy again after I get out of here. These Sunday afternoon prayers have been the best lessons I have had since I was a small boy," is the way Morton announces his cure.

## CITY BREVITIES.

J. A. BALL was arrested by Deputy Game Warden W. B. Bingley and brought to the county jail yesterday on a charge of fishing without a license in the Jordan river. He was held in bond for his appearance in court today.

MUCH SMOKE AND A SMALL BLAZE in the rear of the R. W. Daynes Optical Supply company store at No. 55 South Main street caused a fire alarm to be turned in at 5:45 last evening. The blaze was extinguished with chemicals and the damage was about \$5.

THE BOYS' CLASS of the Y. M. C. A. was addressed yesterday afternoon by Arthur Q. Adams, formerly religious instructor here. Mr. Adams will leave soon to take up missionary work in China, and on this field of new endeavor that he spoke.

PERHAPS ONE OF THE MOST unique of the Halloween parties was the one given by the "Pikers' club," a new organization of prominent young people of this city, at the home of S. A. Chalkier, 287 K street, Saturday.

## "WASATCH" BACON.

A streak of fat, a streak of lean, With lots of goodness in between."

Tribune-Reporter Printing Co., 66 West Second South, Phone 715.

See House Book offer on page 2. Salt Lake Security & Trust Co.

See House Book offer on page 2. Salt Lake Security & Trust Co.

McCoy's, livery, carriage and light livery. Both phones 51.

Highest price paid for strictly fresh eggs. THE ROYAL CAFE.

Kodak Finishing.

Salt Lake Photo Supply Co., 142 Main.

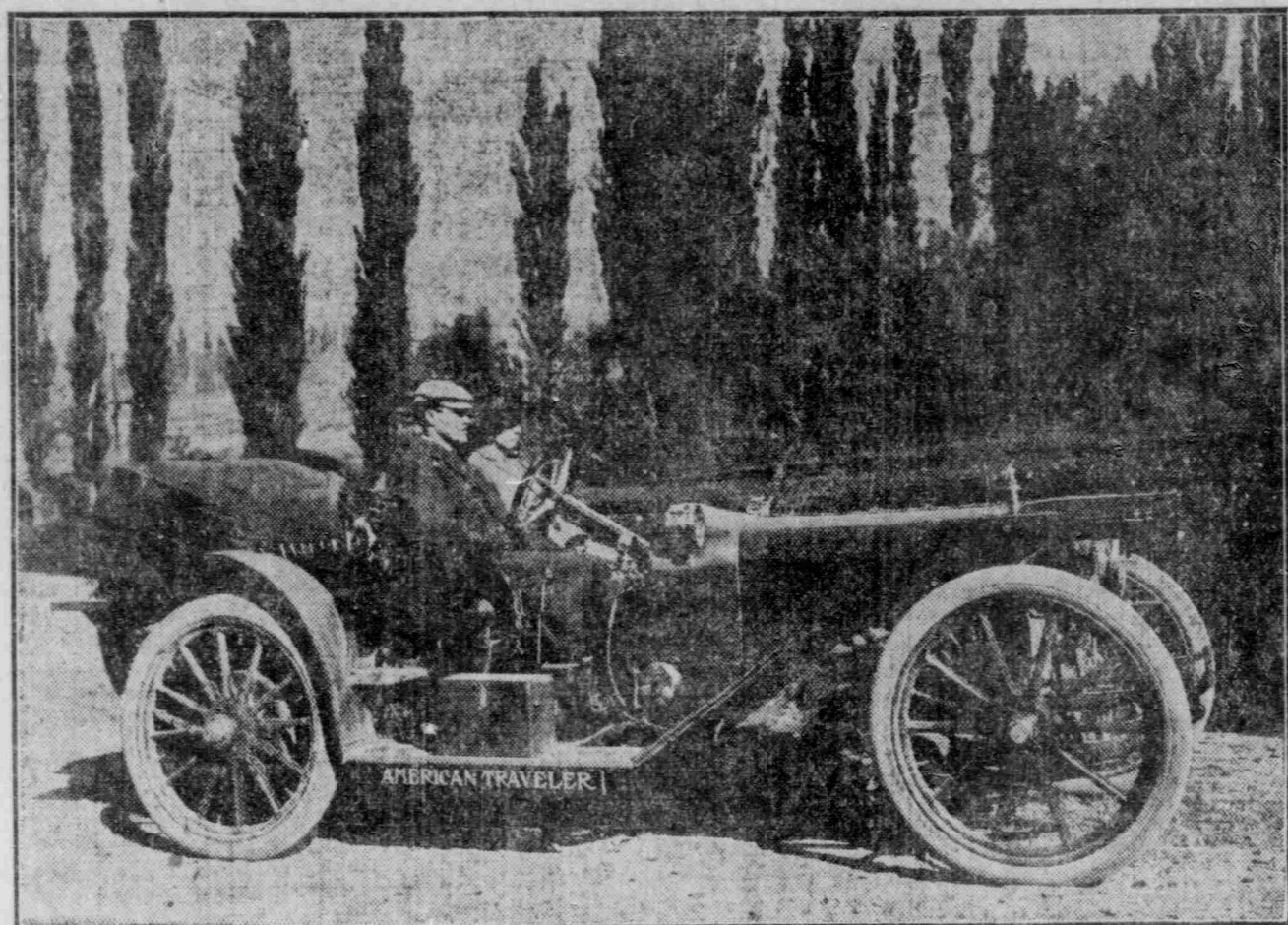
## The Safest Investment

What is the safest investment? Ask this question of experienced investors and they will tell you that the security safeguarded by real estate affords the safest and most satisfactory investment obtainable. The certificates issued by this Company in addition to being guaranteed by its Capital and Surplus are secured by First Mortgages on high-grade Salt Lake real estate. They yield 6 per cent per annum, payable twice a year.

Salt Lake Security & Trust Company  
32 Up, Main Street

Capital ..... \$300,000.00  
Surplus ..... \$100,000.00

# DOLLY SPENDS A PLEASANT DAY



Dolly in her American Traveler.

## \$500 REWARD.

For the capture of Dolly Dimples, The Herald-Republican will pay the following reward:

- \$500 in GOLD if the captor shows Miss Dolly Dimples a receipt for subscription to The Herald-Republican paid up to Oct. 15, 1910, and a copy of The Herald-Republican of the day's issue, and use the following words of identification: PARDON ME, YOU ARE THE MYSTERIOUS MISS DOLLY DIMPLES OF THE DAILY AND SUNDAY HERALD-REPUBLICAN.

\$300 in GOLD if the captor shows Miss Dolly Dimples a paid-up subscription receipt to The Herald-Republican to Nov. 25, 1909, and a copy of The Herald-Republican of the day's issue, and use the following words of identification: PARDON ME, YOU ARE THE MYSTERIOUS MISS DOLLY DIMPLES OF THE DAILY AND SUNDAY HERALD-REPUBLICAN.

\$200 in GOLD to any captor who shows Miss Dolly Dimples a copy of The Herald-Republican of the day's issue and uses the following words of identification: PARDON ME, YOU ARE THE MYSTERIOUS MISS DOLLY DIMPLES OF THE DAILY AND SUNDAY HERALD-REPUBLICAN.

The reward is effective at all hours of the day and night after 11 a. m. From the time the paper is issued, 5 a. m., until 11 a. m., Miss Dimples has her freedom, but at all other hours the contest is open.

If you have addressed Miss Dolly Dimples, using the exact words above given, and hold to her view a paid-up receipt and copy of The Herald-Republican of the day's issue, she will at once admit her identity, take you to The Herald-Republican office and one of the above three rewards will be paid.

When you arrive at The Herald-Republican office you will be required to make an affidavit that you have been a resident of Utah for the past ninety days. The reward will not be paid to any outsider, but only to a bona fide resident of the state of Utah. This rule effectively prohibits any collusion and makes this contest of skill absolutely fair and above board.

Boys under 18 years of age are also prohibited from securing the reward, and will not be recognized in the contest. The same rule applies to any person directly or indirectly connected with The Herald-Republican or any member of his or her family.

Here is a chance for some person to display cleverness and at the same time secure a free gift of one of the three rewards.

Miss Dimples will positively not recognize anyone detaining her for any length of time in order to procure a Herald-Republican, or anyone in any way whatever who stops her longer than a reasonable period in order to repeat the salutation correctly. It must be distinctly understood that Miss Dolly Dimples will immediately admit her identity if correctly saluted.

There will be no need of holding her at any time, either between the hours that the contest is enforced or when it is not.

Continued from Page 1.

With skunk fur, which is exceedingly miffy, I wonder if Salt Lake folks realize that the store of Meheys has a continental reputation. It has, and it was one of the first places I visited after my arrival here. Mr. Meheys has patrons in London, Paris and New York, for whom he designs the most exclusive things in fur. The store has not been overrated. It is an absolutely beautiful place. His line of furs is the most complete and exquisite I have ever seen. It is very large and spacious and done in green and cream color. The walls are adorned with a superb collection of pelts of the most beautiful animals. One is lost in admiration for many minutes viewing one's surroundings.

## Great Bearskin.

There is a huge polar bear skin which is 11 feet from head to tail, and which Mr. Meheys jokingly remarked would have settled the controversy about the North pole had it been Cook or Peary first. There were handsome tiger skins, Asiatic snow leopard pelts and every native species of animal which inhabits the American and Canadian Rockies. This collection represents a fortune. Mr. Meheys has an enormous rug trade on fur skins.

The most amazing feature of the store is that they carry a line of furs to suit all patrons. One can actually buy a muff and neckpiece from \$5 to \$500. There are smart, stunning things at \$10 and \$25.

The better things are the most exquisite things procurable in the fur line. There was a fur coat in natural mink of the most beautiful skins I ever saw. These were dark and beautifully matched. I was astonished and amused to see a big Diebold safe, such as one seen in banks hung full of rare and costly skins. Among them were two silver gray fox skins valued at \$2,500. They were beautiful, the most perfect specimens of this kind of fur. In the safe were glorious Russian sables with their orange colored throats, exquisite ermines of a snowy whiteness, of great value and magnificent mink skins.

There was a muff and collar of crown silver-tipped Russian sable, probably the rarest fur known to furriers. It was not large, yet it was priced at \$1,125. As I held it in my hands I remembered with a shudder the story of a prominent dealer in London once told one of them. It is estimated that each of these skins costs 300 lives. These animals are trapped in

## MISS DOLLY DIMPLES.

Points of identification that will help to recognize Dolly:

Dolly Dimples' height is 5 feet 4 inches.

Dolly Dimples' weight is 125 pounds.

Dolly Dimples wears a 3 1/2 shoe.

Dolly Dimples' hair is light brown.

Dolly Dimples' teeth are very white and even.

Dolly Dimples has large blue eyes.

Siberia. The Russian government will give any prisoner who captures one of them his liberty. Men will murder each other there for the possession of one. In Paris these skins find ready sale, as they are always in demand on account of their rarity. The contents of the safe alone represented thousands and thousands.

Mr. Meheys is a big, manly gentleman, with a charming personality. I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Meheys, a lady with much personal magnetism and that delightful buoyancy of manner which characterizes her lovely western women.

## A Real Paris Hat.

I was in search of an evening hat to wear for my appearance at the Colonial. Wait till you see it; it is a dream. It is a real Paris hat, with a class to it that stamps it at a glance as coming from Meheys.

I spent the most delightful half-hour in the beautiful millinery department under the cordial guidance of Mrs. Kramer, the clever head milliner, and I am still entranced, for I saw some beautiful, dreamy Paris hats, the season's latest models, which bewildered, dazed and de-

lighted me beyond the power of words to describe. Oh, what creations, what dreams of the milliner's art I saw! It was like a spot in fairyland.

Hats form one of my weaknesses, and I think they are with every woman. I had old, young, grave or gay, beautiful or ugly. A hat can make us look plain or attractive, so care should be taken in the selection of one, and the particular woman should go to Meheys's.

There are hats large and small, picture hats which I am sure must make all the departed milliners look down from heaven with smiles of rapturous approval. There are so many becoming hats in the season's latest designs that one finds difficulty in deciding. In fact, it becomes a cruel and harassing problem. I could not decide between two, so I bought both.

My hat for tonight's occasion is a dream in cream tints, yellow plumes and a cascade of feathers. An angel.

Other hats are made of ermine fur and are one of those New Cossack things which are absolutely smart and stunning.

Meheys's millinery and furs are exquisite and their prices are suitable to all means. Their store is more beautifully stocked than any New York store on Broadway or Fifth avenue.

Mr. Meheys, besides having an artistic gift of selection, is backed by twenty years' experience in his line of business, and is an expert further celebrated both in this country and abroad. His Santa Barbara, Cal., store is the most beautiful, with the finest stock, of any fur store on the coast, and his Salt Lake City store is known to tourists from all parts of the world, among whom he has an immense trade.

Meets Telephone President.

On Sunday I had the pleasure of meeting the charming Mr. H. A. Harvey, president of the Independent Telephone company. I was presented to Mr. Harvey under the nom de plume of Mrs. Adams from New York, and the agreeable chap from The Herald-Republican staff who accompanied me was introduced as Mr. Adams.

While downtown yesterday morning I met an acquaintance, Mr. James West. "I'd like to have you meet Mr. Harvey," Miss Dimples said. "His offices are right up here in this building. I'm going up there now. Won't you both come along?"

I thought it would be a great deal of fun to interview Mr. Harvey without his being aware of it, so I consented to meet him. I liked him. He is a very nice looking gentleman, with a most charmingly polished manner.

"You are just from New York, you say?" politely interrogated Mr. Harvey.

"Yes," I said. "I am interested in the races at the next week."

"Oh, I see," he remarked. "What kind of a trip did you have?"

"Delightful," said, enthusiastically.

"What road did you come over?" he asked, interestedly.

"The one with the beautiful scenery,"

I replied, with fervor. "It was beautiful."

"The Rio Grande," he commented, laughingly. "You got here alive at any rate," he added, sotto voce.

Presently the conversation turned to the election.

"Who do they think will win out in New York?" Mr. Harvey asked of my escort.

"Judge Gaynor," confidently replied the chap accompanying me, without a moment's hesitation.

"By the way, ladies vote here, do they not?" I asked.

"Yes," laughed Mr. Harvey. "You can go right down and cast your vote if you like."

## Dolly Won't Vote.

"Not me," I said, coquettishly. "You wouldn't get me to vote one way or another."

"Why?" inquired the three gentlemen in a chorus.

"Why?" I scoffed. "Because I think that an investigation of politics ought to keep any woman out of the field."

"Why?" asked Mr. Harvey, in an amused tone.

Mr. West was smiling broadly, but I did not catch the drift of matters.

"Because," I went blithely on, "politics are a crooked and a crooked business."

There was a general laugh, in which I joined, though I did not exactly see where the joke came in.

"I was once a member of the legislature," remarked Mr. Harvey in a dry manner, and the driest tone of voice.

"You would accuse me of being crooked, would you?"

"Heaven forbid! Present company excepted," I said in embarrassment, though the humorous side appealed to me, and I had to laugh.

"Nevertheless," I added, after a pause, "I cannot take back what I said."

The subject finally veered round to the races. Mrs. Adams has a horse at the track," remarked the incorrigible "Jimmy West."

"Yes, he's a ringer," I boasted. The gentlemen laughed.

"Well, ring him in, then," joked Mr. Harvey.

"That's what I'm going to do," I stated. "I hope he'll win you a pile," laughed my host.

"I hope so," I said with fervor.

"Please don't take all of the money away from you," he pleaded.

Dolly Attends Dinner Party.

Last night I was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Adams of the Mullett Clothing company at a little dinner party at the Temple hotel on North Temple street. I met some charming people, and had a most delightful time. My identity was not disclosed to anyone present, not even the charming Mrs. Miner herself, and we had quite a chat about the mysterious Dolly.

"Is there such a person?" inquired one lady.

"I believe there is," I said, restraining a smile.

"I have met her," averred Mr. Miner.

"Some say she is colored," remarked one lady.

"Great Scott!" I ejaculated. "Is she colored?"

We had a very amusing talk about myself, which I heartily enjoyed.

Others in Mr. Miner's little dinner party were Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Slade, Mrs. Kingle, and Samuel Meyer of Chicago, a well known wholesale clothier in the Windy City. Among those in the dining room who might have captured Dolly and earned the reward were Mrs. Hammond, who is managing the Temple hotel; Mr. Blanchard, Mr. Holmquist, Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Appleton.

## COUNCILMEN TOO BUSY TO CONVENE

Solons So Interested in Election They Will Hold No Meeting.

With the city election on Tuesday, interest will be at fever heat tonight, as a result of which there will be no meeting of the city council. The council adjourned last Monday to meet on Nov. 5, but the next meeting will be held on Wednesday night, chiefly to pass the pay-rolls.

Little has been done by the committees for several weeks, and there will not be many things before the council. The solons will hold their regular session or a funeral—depending upon the result of Tuesday's election. There will be many talking about the election and telling just how it happened that there will be little time for actual city business.

The one matter of importance coming up Wednesday night is the resolution adopted by the waterworks committee, which starts the ball rolling for the improvement and lengthening of the East Jordan canal. It is a scheme for the improvement of the water supply of Salt Lake which will cost upward of \$125,000. The purpose of passing the resolution is to locate the site of the dam and the court in the condemnation proceedings which are now under way in getting land for the widening of the canal and for its lengthening.

With the close of election the Moran bill for \$200,000 may also come up, and it is probable that it will bear the names of all six of the special council committee, three of whom refused to attach their signatures to the bill after giving their word that they would sign. Owing to public opinion in the matter, it is probable the claim will be turned down and Moran will have to go into the courts to establish his claim to any part of the money.

Another matter which has become cloud waiting for action will be the old Fernstrom resolution regarding slot machines, with instructions to the chief of police to arrest the saloon men and clear dealers where machines are run. Instead of merely confining the resolution to the matter has been in committee for several months, but was held there because of the argument between the saloon men and the American party. It will probably be killed after election, though the American party council will not dare take this action before election, because of public indignation which would result.

The resolutions of the hall to have the American party billboards taken off of the street in front of the Kearns property on Main street will also be taken up, and will probably be adopted and the signs ordered taken down, now that it is all over.

The merit of the "Wasatch" Brands Did bring them into fame. The good housewife this brand demands; There are none just the same.

## BETTER BUY A NATIONAL

Stove or range, than wish you had. Nebraska Furniture Co., 224-6 So. State.

## THE MARK OF A GUARANTEE

A man can have an ideal about anything—particularly jewelry.

A good watch, a nice diamond, some good-looking tie pins and links and a fob or chain—these constitute the principal jewelry requirements of the gentleman.

Our selection includes the new things, refined in design with the touch of masculinity.

There's nothing like sham in famed Wasatch ham.

It's rich and it's all to the good. There's lean 'round the bone and fat 'round the middle.

And it's packed, too, the way that it should.

## There are a Host of Pretty Patterns in the New Shirts



Poulton Madsen Owen & Co.

245 South Main Street.

The line of shirts we show now is without doubt the most pleasing in every way that we've ever had.

All the latest ideas—collars attached or detached—coat style or plain—and a big variety of dainty patterns to choose from.

Some unusual values at \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50.

## Acme Quality Paints and Finishes

Are made for every purpose a finish of any kind may be used for. Only the purest and best materials are used and the mixing is done by experts.

That's why: Acme Quality means "highest quality."

Tell your painter that you prefer that he use Acme Quality. It looks better and wears better.

## Culmer Paint & Glass Co.

Our New Store Is at 37 East First South

## ORPHEUM TICKETS GIVEN AWAY BY THE HERALD-REPUBLICAN

Somewhere in the classified columns of every issue of The Herald-Republican will be found an order for two seats at the Orpheum theatre, good for either matinee or evening performance on date of issue. The person whose name appears in this order will please present a copy of the ad. to The Herald-Republican office before 6 o'clock today, together with a positive identification—your last subscription receipt will do. Read the classified advertisements in this issue. Perhaps your name is there.

## Y. M. C. A. EXPERTS WILL EXPOUND SALESMANSHIP

J. Will Gray to Talk on "Business Insomnia" at This Evening's Meeting.

Department Searches Utah National Bank Building Before Locating the Trouble.

This evening at 7:45 three representative salesmen of the retail, wholesale and specialty professions will speak at the salesmanship class of the Y. M. C. A. They are J. Will Gray of Gray Brothers, Fred Hornung of the Strivell-Patterson company, and Wesley E. King, manager of the American Surety company. As this is the first discussion for the class, all men of the city who are interested in selling will be welcome.

Of these three men, two Messrs. Gray and Hornung, acted as judges in the recent salesmanship contest and thus have been in a position to judge of the value of training for this branch of commercial life. Mr. Gray will speak on "Business Insomnia"; Fred Hornung will speak on "How Salesmen Are Made," and Wesley E. King will speak on "Requirements for Success in Salesmanship."

J. C. Spencer, the instructor of the Y. M. C. A., will preside.

Clouds of steam coming from the windows of the Utah National bank building at about 9:30 o'clock yesterday morning caused rushing churchgoers to make hurried rushes for telephones on the belief that the building was being destroyed by fire.

More than 2,000 persons gathered about the building, expecting at any moment to see flames licking their way through the woodwork of the structure.

Company No. 1 of the fire department was on the scene in a few moments, and the firemen prepared for a long and hard fight. Entrance to the building was soon gained and the firemen groped about for almost ten minutes looking for the seat of the fire before it was discovered that a brass steam pipe was leaking.

About all of the steam in the boiler had rushed into the building, and it was seen that a plumber and not the fire department was needed. The damage was nominal.

## FIRE FRIGHTENS NEGROES

Eerie Flames on Electric Light Pole Cause Superstitions to Be Awe-Stricken.

Pedestrians abroad before daylight yesterday morning were given an exhibition of Halloween witchery that made the superstitious among them wish for the left hindfoot of a graveyard rabbit, when an electric light pole between 24 and 25 streets suddenly blazed forth in uncanny splendor and illuminated the coming gray dawn with an eerie glow that did not seem in keeping with material things.

Bluish flames played about the pole overhead, while the pole cracked and flamed as though touched by the hand of Mephistopheles. Three negroes who witnessed the strange spectacle raised their voices in supplication and declared in awestruck and trembling tones that the trumpet of the angel Gabriel was about to be blown.

The fire department extinguished the flames in a few minutes. It was discovered that electric wires had become crossed and burned through the insulation. The Utah Light & Railway company loses one pole, while numerous citizens have had their faith in the supernatural renewed.

A private safe may be rented in the fire and burglar proof vault of the Salt Lake Security & Trust Co., 32 up Main street, \$2.00 per year and upwards.

"Royal" Stale Bread Depot, Open 3 to 5 p. m. daily. Entrance on Third South. Good bread very cheap.

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